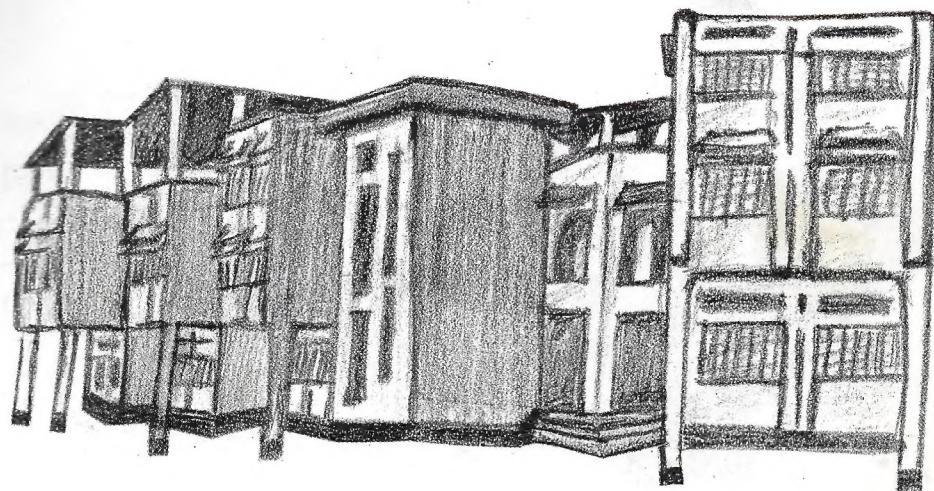




# REFLECTIONS



# *Reflections*

YEARBOOK 1995



**THE AGA KHAN SCHOOL**  
**DHAKA**



## Message From The Principal

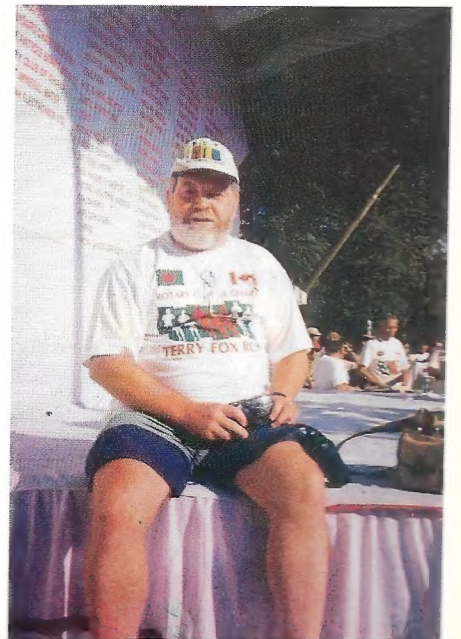
*What a pleasure it is for me to write this message of encouragement and congratulations to the yearbook staff and the students of our school.*

*I've been impressed by the vitality of the students of the Aga Khan School. This yearbook is a record of all that you've accomplished and a visual stimulus to remind you of the good times you enjoyed and the people with whom you spent such happy times. Cherish it and all the good memories it summons.*



*I think it was Oscar Wilde who quipped. "What a shame that youth is wasted on the young!" My impression is that not too much has gone to waste on the youth of our school. It's been a refreshing moment of my life to share some excellent moments with you this year.*

*Congratulations and thanks to the students of class IX who accepted the challenge of preparing and publishing the school's first yearbook. Pioneering anything is never easy. I hope the end result gives you a great deal of satisfaction and inspires future yearbook staff to match and exceed your accomplishment.*



*Kenneth McCaffery  
Principal*

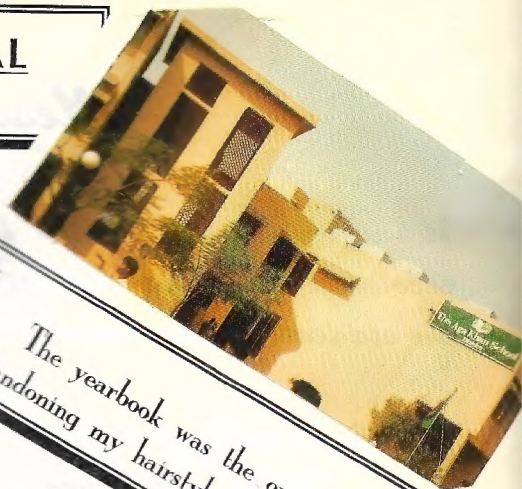


## MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Tazin Abdullah:

The year book was definitely worth all we gave it. It's given us all something to look back at years later and remember you all. I must thank the layout staff without whom the year book would not have been possible. I hope this yearbook has set the stone rolling for other yearbook to come.

Rafiqul Akbar:  
I found worth abandoning my hairstyle for.



Farah Bakr:

The yearbook is a mirror which reflects our days in school. Cherish it, treasure it. I am sure days will come when these memories will bring smiles to your faces.

Siragis Salekin:

Our school's first yearbook. It has been a hard job creating it and indeed a pleasure to be part of its creation. We have gathered priceless experiences working on it. I thank everyone who has helped us accomplish our objective. May this yearbook be the first of many.



Shafat Zaman:

We, the wise guys, made it look wiser!

Munassir Choudhury:

It has been a pleasure working on the yearbook.

Mirza Mohiuddin:

Some people have it all, and I am one of them.



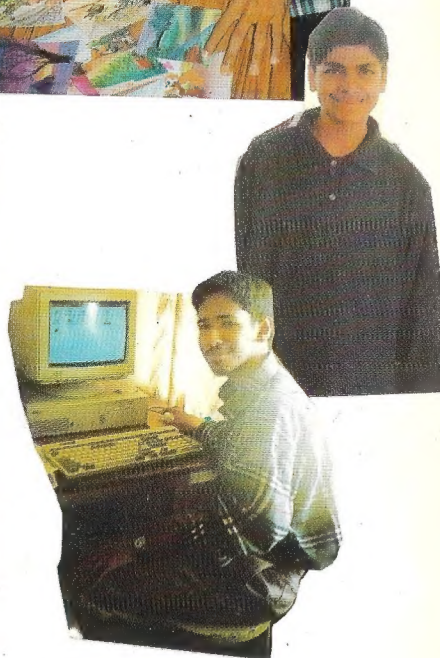
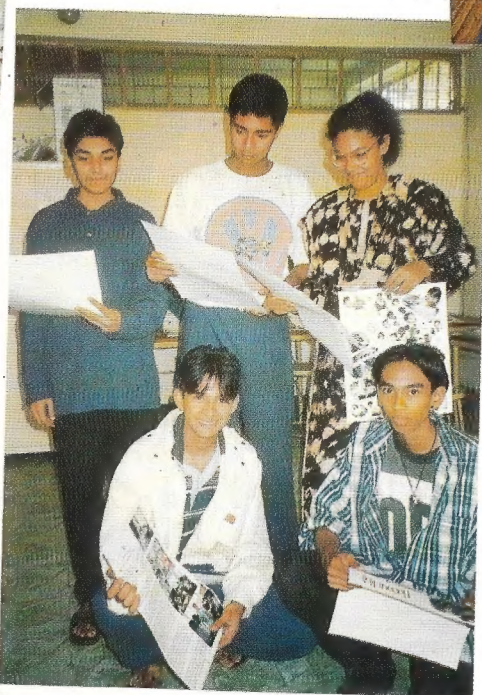
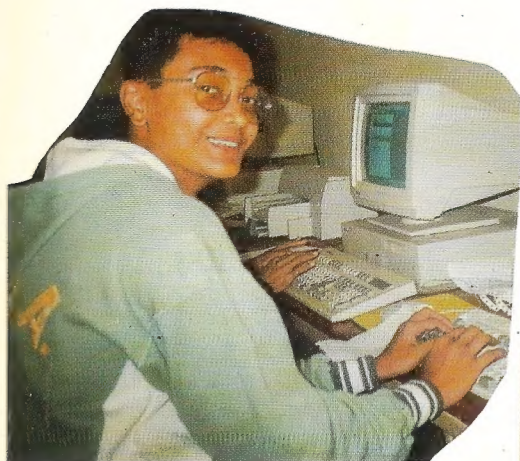
Naveed Rahman:

The editor thinks that I am the laziest person in the editorial board. But the editor doesn't know that it was the lazy men who invented the wheel and the cycle because they didn't want to walk.



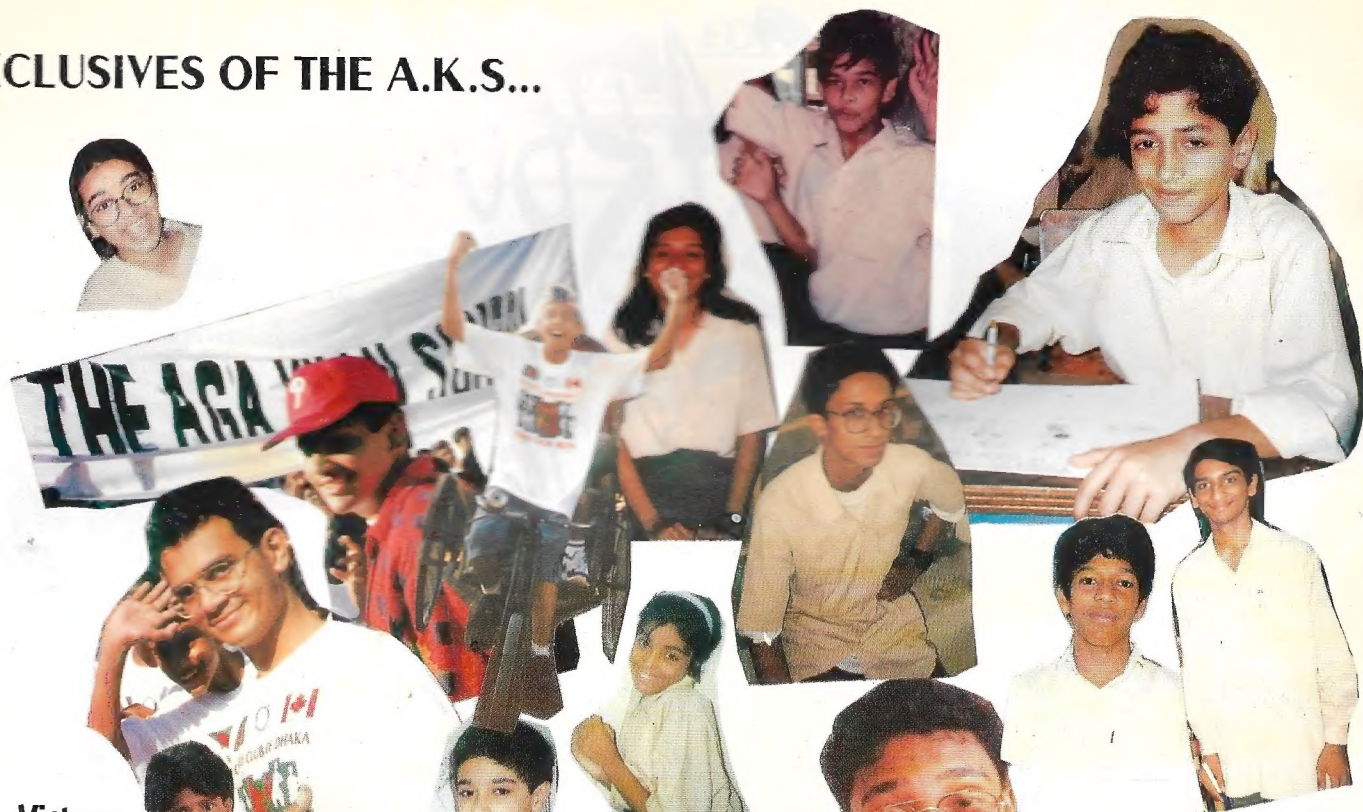
# YEARBOOK

## STAFF





# EXCLUSIVES OF THE A.K.S...



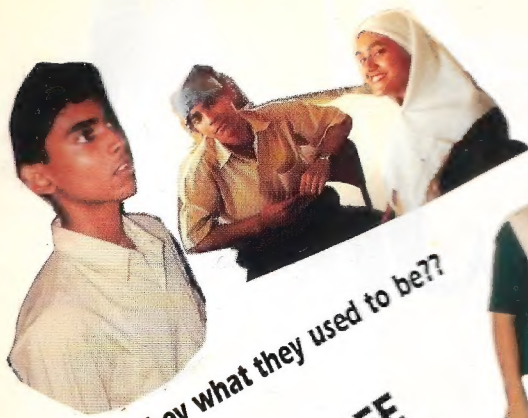
Victory  
is  
always  
OURS...

UNIQUES...

That's US...







Are they what they used to be??

# LIFE AT THE A.K.S...



The gold rush



HONEST, we didn't do IT !!!



Don't  
Mess  
With  
US !!



# Teaching Staff

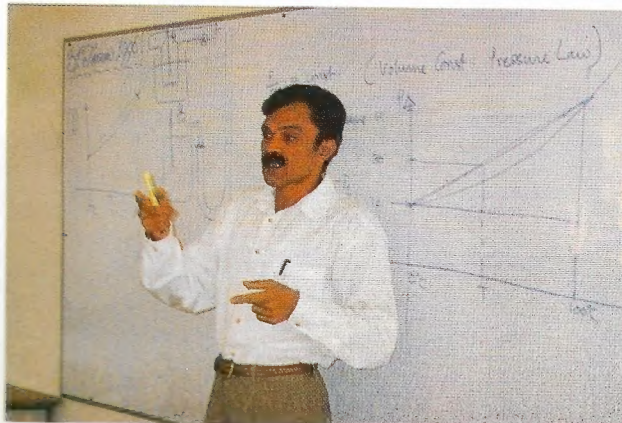


Mrs. Choudhury  
Vice - Principal

Mrs. Khaleda Rahman  
Mathematics



Mr. Farooq  
Computer Lab



Mr. Yamin  
Physics



Mrs. Halima  
Biology



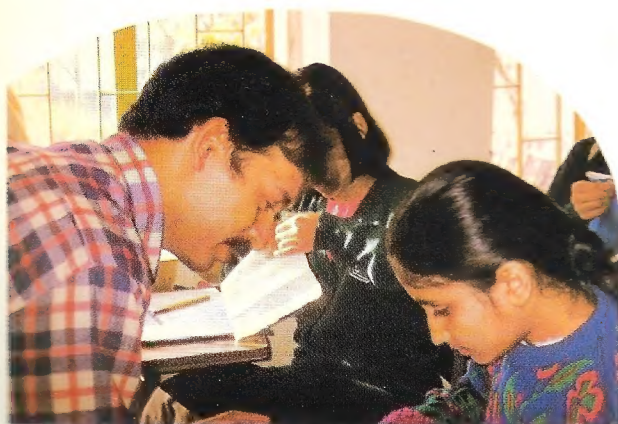
Mrs. Rozina  
English



Miss. Ruhma  
English / History



Dr. Yousuf  
Computer



Mr. Hossain  
Art

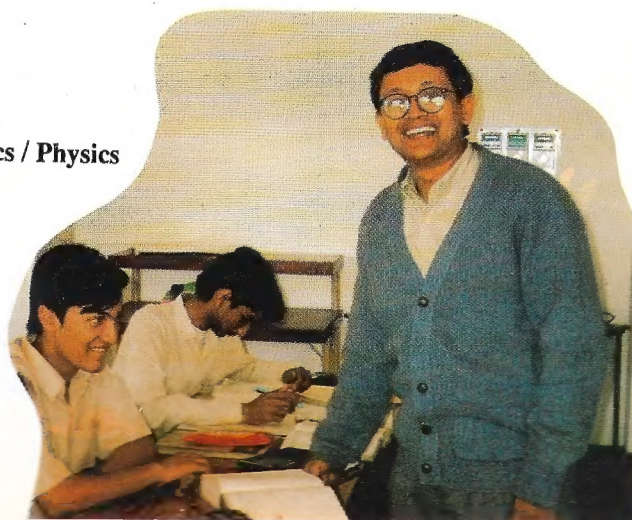


Miss, Fatema  
Mathematics

Mrs. Anwar  
English



Mr. Reazul  
Mathematics / Physics





**Mrs. Habibullah**  
**Islamiat**



**Mr. Alam**  
**Lab Assistant**



**Mr. Saha**  
**Chemistry / Mathematics**



**Mr. Mizanur Rahman**  
**Accounting**



**Mrs. Fawzia**  
**Economics**



**Mrs. Ruby**  
**Chemistry**

**Miss. Nazneen**  
**Chemistry / Biology**





**Mrs. Hoshneara**  
**Mathematics / Chemistry**



**Mrs. Tazin**  
**English**



**Mr. Talukdar**  
**Mathematics**



**Dr. Sumi**  
**Chemistry / Mathematics**



**Mrs. Nargis**  
**Bangla**



**Mr. Bhuiyan**  
**Geography / Athletics**



**Mrs. Sabina**  
**Commerce / Biology**



Mrs. Parveen  
School Secretary



Mrs. Farida  
Librarian



Mr. Heman  
Accountant

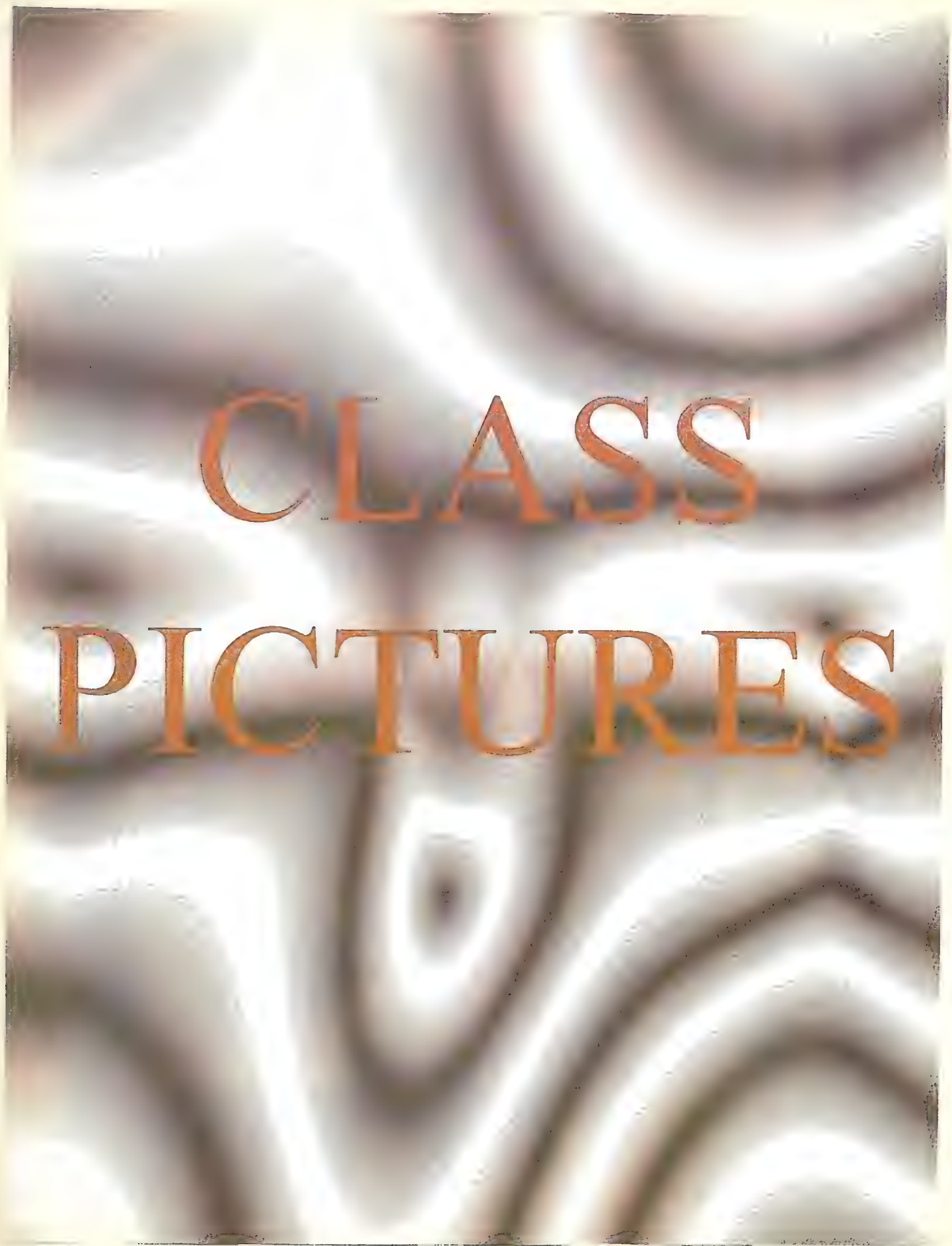
Mrs. Roshan  
Administrative Assistant



# Non-Teaching Personnel







# CLASS PICTURES



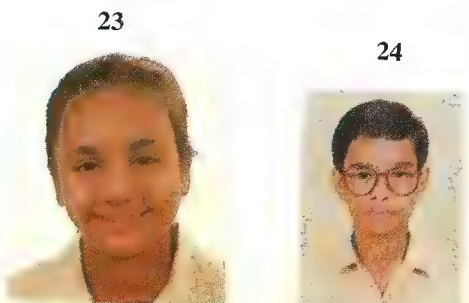
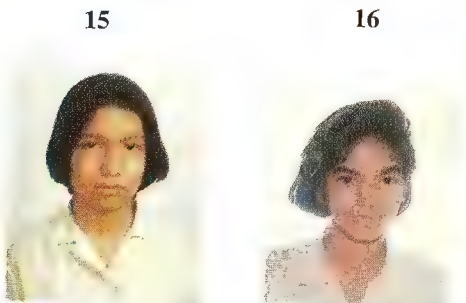
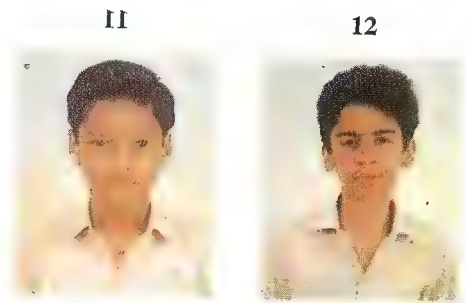


CLASS VI-I

1. Chowdhury Saif 2. Enayatali Zohra 3. Jeehan Tamreen 4. Islam Mohammad Bariul 5. Wayes Golam  
 6. Zaman Naila 7. Rahman Moutushi Mallah 8. Mallick Fahima 9. Choudhury Wahid Ahmed 10. Ansari  
 Mohammed Fahd 11. Jaigirdar Bushra Tasneem 12. Khan Farin Fatema 13. Yunus Fuad Abdullah 14. Das  
 Romeo 15. Zabin Gufrana 16. Alamgir Shayan 17. Khan Amer 18. Ahmed Ghaleb Al-Qazi 19. Bashir Karim  
 Manzarbin 20. Fahad Umar Faruk 21. Sultana Fareeha 22. Kamal Sharif A. Adnan 23. Manzoor Reazam  
 Absent: Mirza M. Hussan, Sherali Karim, Zafrin Rizwana

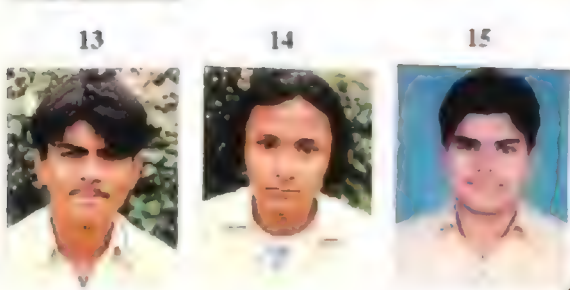
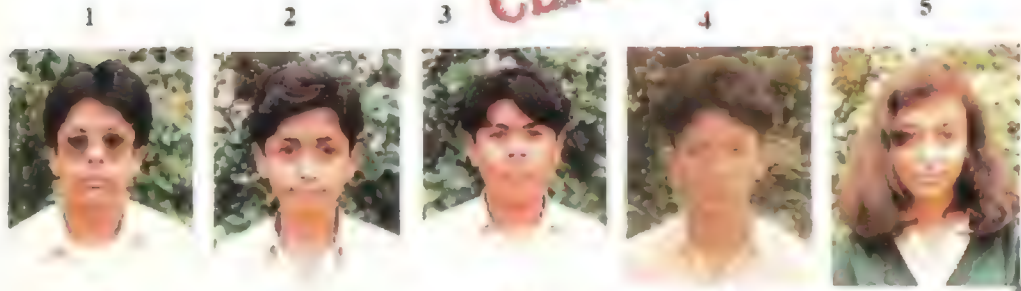


# CLASS VI-II





# CLASS VII



1. Khan Mustafizur Rahman 2. Khaled Shaun Nabi 3. Hossain Ridwan 4. Shoeb Zuhair 5. Farid  
 Cynthia 6. Bhuiya Sanjida Ali 7. Huda Mifta Naim 8. Hassan Aziz 9. Aga Zeeshan Ali 10. Kibria  
 Assad 11. Adeeba Binte Ashraf 12. Chowdhury Touhid Ahmed 13. Syed Shahab Wahid 14. Salchin  
 Mosfaqus 15. Haque Mashfiqul 16. Anwar Arshee 17. Khandker Basma 18. Mehram Nishat Ahmed 19. Amir  
 Ali Munira 20. Ahmed Tahir 21. Khan Kashfia Mahzabeen 22. Hachem Nishat Shaila 23. Gazi  
 Shiefat Tanzila 24. Ali Amir Ali 25. Baqar Sumaiya Saliwa 26. Sadia Bushra Aysa 27. Firoz Nadia  
 Ahmed 28. Sobhan Mohasher; Absent: Ahmed Afreen Hasnain, Ahmad Rizwana, Virani Hamida,  
 Sadrudin Salim





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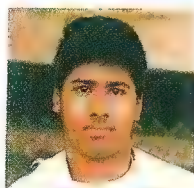
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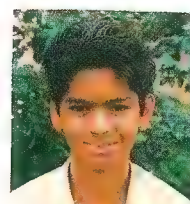


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CLASS VIII



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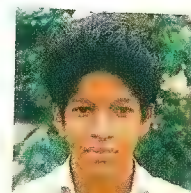
11



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19



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CONTINUATION OF CLASS VIII

25



26



27



28



29



1. Choudhury Margoob 2. Ilyas Mahbub 3. Shahabuddin Ferdous 4. Zaman Taneem 5. Khaled Saman Fatima  
6. Rahman Jahan Farhana 7. Sitwat Mariam Donna 8. Uddin Md. Shakil 9. Alam Chaklader Rizwanul 10.  
Khan Ahmed Iftekhhar 11. Ahsan Tomalika 12. Karim Azra 13. Khadem Abid Shihab 14. Alam Tahsin Imtiaz  
15. Akbar Tariq 16. Alam Risalat Zabeer 17. Tarannum Laila 18. Choudhury Mumtad S. 19. Mehdi Shahnaz  
20. Rahman Alahan 21. Shafiq Mohamed Omar 22. Mohammed Sarfaraz 23. Habib Humaira 24. Syed  
Mahtabul Bashar 25. Alam Adnan 26. Ahmed Yasin Yasdan 27. Thiagaraja Usha 28. Subramanian Bhavani  
29. Chowdhury Golam Sayeed





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# CLASS IX



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17

1. Syed Mohammad Nazir Tashfin Abi Obaidullah Choudhury
2. Chowdhury Muntasir Billah 3. Ahmed Adel 4. Ahmed Shaker
5. Ahmed Shahjada Tanvir 6. Jiwni Shamsa Sadruddin 7. Nizam Sayeed Mahmud
8. Yunus Tarana Zafreen 9. Hashem Farhana Nadia 10. Abdullah Tazin
11. Haque Nayeem M 12. Baqee Asef Hassan 13. Bari Faria
14. Rahman Naveed 15. Mallik Biva Arani 16. Awwal Sharmin
17. Feroz Fayza Tamanna 18. Rashid Wissam 19. Shafat Zaman Syed
20. Salekin Siragis 21. Choudhury Hasan Munasir 22. Akbar Md Rafiul
23. Ismail Salima Absent: Bakr Farah, Mirza Mohiuddin Ferdous, Noor Asif Hasan, Sandwipa Synthia, Hadi Abdullah Syed



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# CLASS X



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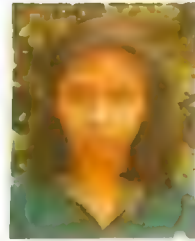
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4



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13



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10



12



11

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1. Amin Rehnuma 2. Chowdhury Zubaida Akhtar 3. Zaman Nazvee Faria 4. Rashid Riad Rony 5. Ahmed Aneeqa Rashid 6. Mirza Zohra 7. Ashraf Razin 8. Huq Sumaiya Minnat 9. Alim M B M Abdul 10. Khurshid Ferdous 11. Jivani Laila Sherali 12. Firoz Imtiaz Ahmed 13. Zaman Humaira Sultana 14. Sewaz Md Hassan Absent: Daya Nadya, De Silva Sriyandini, Jumma Salima Pyarali, Jivani Salim Sherali, Karim Tania, Karim Faheem, Choudhury Rummana Elahi



# CLASS XI

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1. Rahman Loban Amaan
3. Sarker Ehsan Tanvee
5. Hossain Khona Amina
7. Khurshid Farhad

2. Subramanian Gomathi
4. Suma Jessica Tartila
6. Dhamani Abdul Aziz
8. Manzoor Rouham





Is was nice being here. Bye.  
AABED

My five years journey through A.K.S. was memorable and unforgettable due to two main reasons. A student body which is second to none and teachers who were always eager to help.  
MUHAIMEN



For the past two years, I've had a great time. thanks to everyone here in A K S. I'll miss you.

FARAH

Muhtashem Choudhury  
Aftabur Rahman  
Farah Naz  
Sadia N Zaman



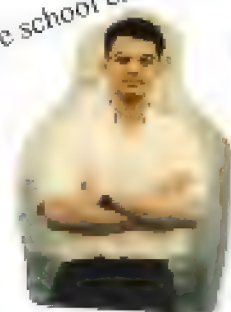
Rashed Ahmed  
Kazi Muhaimen Ahmed  
Akhtar H Choudhury  
Abdullah-Al-Aabed



Some things in life are that simple. The best thing about it all is that I never thought about why I wanted to go there. Not there, not while I was a student there, not now and never again. Sure going to miss school days memories left behind.

RASHED

It is only when one grows love for the school can one enjoy fully what it has to offer.



AKHTAR



Well, it's time for me to move to pastures new. Two years in this school have passed in the blink of the eye of a butterfly.

I believe a school can only be as good as the students who attend it and in that respect, I think Aga Khan is something special.

I shall miss almost everyone at the A.K.S., none more than my own class, with whom I shared countless memorable moments (you would not believe some of the things that went on in that class-room), and especially the genius, whose exuberance could always bring a smile to my face.

To the teachers, thanks for the guidance. You have my utmost respect. I apologise to those of you whose classes I sometimes mistook for 'free' periods.

Lastly, I have to give my commendations to the Big Boss.

Our Principal's vision for the development of a superb educational facility is certain to make our school the envy of all around. I wish him the utmost success in the pursuit of all the goals he has laid out for himself, and thank him deeply for being an excellent mentor/tormentor and a great friend.

I have learnt a lot at the Aga Khan School but for me, three questions remain unanswered.

i. Why is forty minutes an infinity as a Chemistry class and infinitesimal as a free period?

ii. Why is Mrs. Ruby never absent?

iii. Whose crazy idea were the green trousers anyway??

Well, it's time I skedaddled. See you all very soon.



### MUHTASHEM

It's been close to 5 years since I've been in this school and I must say, it has been quite an experience. I've seen the school change so much, it's unbelievable and yes, it did change for the better (of all the schools I've been, in, I think this school is by far the one with the friendliest environment). If you've been in one place as long as I have in this school, it becomes almost like a second home. I'm going to miss this place bad! Before I say farewell I'd like to thank all my teachers who have so supported and encouraged us throughout the years and a special thanks to Mrs Farida Khanum (the Librarian) for making me feel so loved. To my friends - you know who you are, you were the greatest and best pals in the whole wide world!! I could never hope for better friends than you guys and gals. I hope you'll and remember me in the same warm way I'll remember you. Thanks for everything. It's been great. Really!!



If life were a road, graduating from this place would mean dead end. This place was not only my school but also my home away, from home. I'll miss getting bored during these free lessons and psyched up during Physics classes. I mean come on guys, what is life? Common sense (derived from  $E \leftrightarrow$  and Meisenberges Uncertain Principle).

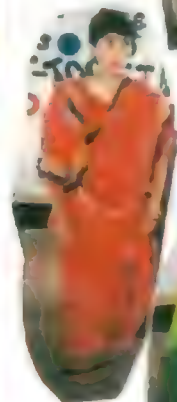
Aftabur

Love,





# Talent Show





# Science Fair





# Special Guests



## **CINDY NEWTON:**

From Toronto, Ontario, Canada, joined us for several months and was a great help in establishing the "I love to read club". We also appreciated her help in English Language Workshop classes and the Young Author Event in the school.



## **JAMES SMILEY:**

From Montreal, Quebec, Canada spoke to the younger classes on Judaism, as part of the comparative religions section of their History Course.



## **MR. & MRS. LUX & LYDIA GOETY:**

Visited from our partner school, Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts and were much impressed by the friendly ambience of the school



## **Dr. JOHN W. REYNOLDS:**

From Sir Sanford Fleming College in Canada shared his passion for research on earthworms with the junior section of the school.





# Shishu Hospital



2nd annual visit to the Shishu Hospital.



This time we were able to bring more gifts to more patients and see many more smiling faces!





# Literature & Art

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED TO  
EVERYBODY IN AKS

You are different  
    You are unique  
        You have your own  
Special ways to find  
    A place In everybody's heart  
        It's so beautiful to know  
Our lives have touched.

You are the only one  
    In this world with that  
        Smile, that look and that heart.  
I hope the bond of friendship  
    Between us stays the way it is  
        And wherever we go, there will  
Always be a small part  
    In our hearts where we remember  
        These sweet memories of the past.

Usha T. (VIII)



By Rafiul (IX)



## THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME

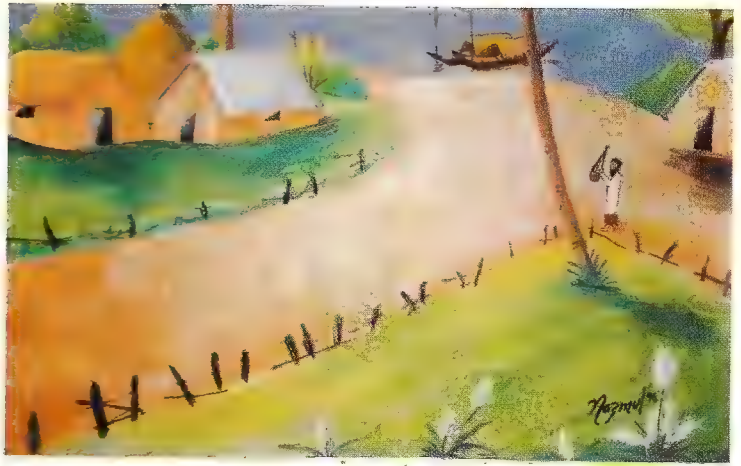
Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the fisherman lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea-  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the tree gives the shadow,  
Under it is a grassy meadow,  
There to track the homeward bee-  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the tall grasses are green,  
There is a hiding place where I can't be seen,  
Where the road is free-  
That's the way for Billy and me.

But this I know, I love to play,  
Through the shadowy meadow and among the hay,  
Up the river and over the lea-  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Iehab Nur (VI-II)



By Nazmul (VI-II)

## GHOSTS

On a moonless night,  
When all creatures are out of sight,  
When even the wise owl rests,  
And the bat frets.

On these nights, I had better BEWARE,  
For I can never be aware,  
Of the ghost's stare,  
An encounter which none would dare.

Suddenly an ear-piercing shriek,  
Made me run like a freak,  
Caused my courage to shatter,  
And my teeth to chatter.

Then I stopped dead in my tracks,  
As fear hit me like a ton of sacks,  
I heard a mourning wail,  
And through the air it sailed.

It was the object of my nightmares,  
It was the cause of my scares;  
It was an apparition feared most,  
It was a ghost.

Risalat Alam Zabeer (VIII)



By Shama (VI-II)





**By Shama (VI-II)**

### *DEATH*

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Everything will perish and that's a must  
Men will live and men will die;  
It will come for everybody,  
And that's no lie.

Some fear it, some wait,  
Some cry and some hesitate.  
Some compare it with things hideous  
Some look at it  
As something reliev-ous.

It is a creation,  
An agent of the dark  
A messenger from hell  
An invisible killer  
The devil's curse or spell.

It plots, it thinks,  
Fire eternal it drinks.  
It snatches lives,  
With a bloody knife  
And that's the way it is.

**Syed Tashfin Chowdhury (IX)**

### *LIFE*

Life is a challenge - meet it.  
Life is a temple - worship it.  
Life is a sun-set - admire it.  
Life is a hymn - sing it.  
Life is a paradise - enjoy it.  
Life is an adventure - dare it.  
Life is a mystery - unfold it.  
Life is an opportunity - take it.  
Life is a journey - complete it.  
Life is a beauty - praise it.  
Life is a truth - realize it.  
Life is a struggle - fight it.  
Life is a puzzle - solve it.  
Life is a goal - achieve it.  
Life is a duty - perform it.  
Life is a game - play it.  
Life is a work - add something to it.  
Life is everything that you  
Want it to be, just arrange it.

**Mehdi (VIII)**



**By Nazmul (VI-II)**



# Young Author Awards



Best Cover Illustration



Best Original Plot



Author of the Year  
MUMTAD CHOWDHURY

Best Class Novel

Most Promising Author



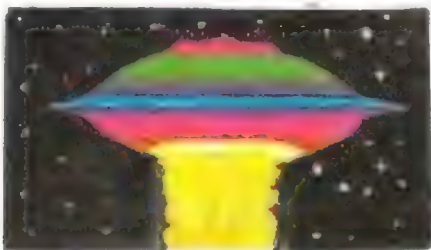
Best Visual Presentation Effects





Excerpt From "JURASSIC SPARKS" By Mumtaz Chowdhury.

Mike leapt from his seat as he saw the bullet-proof screen take a battering of about one hundred bullets only inches from his face. Scientists scrambled around, screaming their technical jargon, trying to get the situation under control. The screen slowly began to crack under the continuing fire. The machine suddenly started galloping down the arena towards them. Mike knew that it was capable of a top speed of 600 miles an hour. Mike was gone. He headed down the steel corridor rapidly. He slowed down thinking he was safe and turned to look far down the corridor at the door that he had just left, machine gun fire still audible. SMASH!!! A steel wall appeared in front of his face, crushing through the corridor walls. Mike recognized it as the Mechasaur's lower jaw. He was lucky to be alive, but how long could his luck last? He had to get out of there. The red emergency lights had been put on and bathed the surroundings in a rather annoying again. He heard the screech of the Mechasaur moving behind him in the distance. He ran down a flight of stairs, tumbling down the last half. He was totally disoriented in this place that he didn't even know. On the path, he ran into an abandoned buggy used for getting around the compound. This was much faster, he thought, as he became comfortable riding the little automobile. He heard the enormous footsteps of the Mechasaur and it seemed that he was driving closer to it. He heard random bursts of machine gun fire and the odd high-pitched scream of someone shouting for his life. Mike continued down the long corridor in the distance. The sign on the door was written "Arena 2". Mike knew that that was where the new super laser cannon was being tested plus some other less significant (less expensive) projects.



VOWELS

We are very little creatures,  
All of different voice and features.  
One of us in glass is set;  
One of us you will find in jet;  
Another you may see in tin;  
And the fourth a box within.  
If the fifth you should persue,  
It can never fly from you.

Omar Shafiq (VIII)





## My Best Friend

by

Mumtad Chowdhury

During school life a best friend is usually the person whom you like most amongst your friends, but to me the term holds a much more important status. In my life I have only had one, true best friend and I know I may never have another.

When I first started school at the age of four I began to mix with a group known by teachers as "the Doctors' Sons". We were a well-liked bunch and were the smartest kids in class. The group consisted of Mathew Jones, Gareth Jones, Paul Chapman and I, and all our fathers apart from Paul's worked at the same practice.

As time went on I got to know my friends better, apart from Paul Chapman. He seemed quite an ordinary kid, not quite as comfortable with English and Math as the rest of our group, and I barely noticed him. The earliest conversation with Paul that I can remember is still vivid in my mind. We were both five. I had finished my Math so I decided to play with the Lego. Paul was sitting alone doing his Math so I decided to go over to him and we started talking. I remember asking him, "Where do you live?"

"46, St. Martin's Road", he replied. His mum had made him memorize it.

"Oh! There!", I said. He could have told me any address in the whole world and it would have felt the same. St. Martins Road could have been miles away. It turned out that he lived just around the corner from me but I didn't find that out for some time.

I'm not sure how old I was when I started playing outside with Paul. Maybe I was 6, maybe 7, but that was the beginning of our friendship. Neither do I remember how we first met up outside to play. Maybe it was when his mum first let him around the corner on his bike, unsupervised, and we somehow met up. From then on, I guess, we started to play outside after school. It was the start of a ritual which was to continue, rarely broken, every single day for the next six years.

We made an odd pair, Paul and I. He was a half-Australian, half-English, Christian. I was a Bangladeshi, born and brought up in Wales, and Muslim. But although we were of totally different background and culture, in the innocence of youth, we didn't see colour or creed differences. We were just two kids living in the same town. I think our differences helped our friendship to grow. It made things a bit more interesting.

At first I liked him because he was funny and I loved humour and joking around. Then slowly I discovered more about him. He was really smart. He knew everything about nature, biology, geography and general stuff about the world (his parents were the real nature lover type) some things that I was interested in myself. I never felt embarrassed or inferior by asking him questions. The openness we shared was important.

I don't know what Paul was like to other people but as a best friend he was great. He was never a show-off. He was never unnecessarily. He might get upset but not ever agitated. He never told lies to make himself look good. He was very kind and had a natural generosity. His character in my mind was perfect.

I don't know what he actually found in me. I always remember being able to make him laugh with my jokes and my different impersonations and foreign accents. I also knew a lot about things that he wasn't really brought up to know about, like what's good on TV, films in the cinema, good music, books etc. We were the only kids of our age who weren't interested in toys or action figures.





School finished at 3.50 and Paul and I sat together on the school bus home. At around 4.15 every day I would go to call on him or he would call on me. Usually we would end up meeting each other on the way. Then we would do whatever we did, till the sun went down or we had to go in for dinner. During the long British summer days I can remember coming out after dinner and Paul and I sitting on my swings till it started getting dark at around 10 o'clock. On weekends we'd meet up around 10 to 11 o'clock and we would hang till lunch. After lunch we would meet up again and when it got to tea time (4 o'clock) we would have tea at whoever's house was closer and then go home at dinner time. I use the 'hang' because that's the only word I can think of that comes close to describing what we did. We certainly didn't play. I guess we did a lot of fun things and had a lot of good times.

One of the things I liked about Paul was that he liked excitement. We would try to do exciting, dangerous and daring stuff which was real fun. We would explore the forests and dare each other to do something dangerous, where we usually ran the risk of being caught and getting into trouble. We also did some normal stuff. Sometimes we rode bikes, swung on the swings in my back garden, played with his pets - dog, cat, rabbit, budgies or even fish (I told you they were nature lovers). Or we might beat up his younger brother David (until the goal of making him cry was achieved). It never seemed cruel, just a few minutes of fun to pass the time. We also played on his monkey bars and tyre swing on his back yard or made weird wooden weapons in his dad's tool shed, or played chemistry or electronics set or just went and lazed around in his bedroom.

I loved his house. It was sort of a zoo with humans in it. In fact the pets were probable the only sane people in the house. Actually it was more wild than a zoo. Paul's room was always, well, um, interesting? The carpet was hidden under the layer of junk on his floor. His mum wasn't brave enough to enter his room so he got to run wild. The walls were plastered with colourful posters and pictures of Australian animals and places and his shelves packed with factual books. Every other spare inch of space was filled with Australian souvenirs and knick-knacks (shells, fossils, boomerangs, coins etc.). His room never failed to provide some form of entertainment or wonderment. Also we would go fishing, on long mountain treks or bike with his family or just go down to the shops and buy unhealthy amounts of sweets.

Paul was always really kind, kinder than anyone I have ever known. When I didn't have a bike he would ride his brother's and let me use his own, a better one. When we went down to the shops and he was treating he would always make sure I got the most or would be sharing exactly equally. He didn't want to cheat me. He wasn't like that.

What we mainly did was talk and walk. We walked around the streets in rain or shine talking as if it were the most important thing in the world. By talking, unknowingly, we were exploring each other's mind, life and culture. We loved talking about the 'unexplained' and lots of different stuff even, on occasion, politics. We had theories on every topic imaginable. We even went into pretty deep philosophy for a couple of kids. Ideas on topics such as "Is there a God?", "Is there life outside earth?", "How infinite is the universe?" were discussed lying on the grass in my garden or on the pavement of my road while gazing up into the sunny blue sky. Then after that we would get back to reality and burn ants with magnifying glasses. Just me and Paul.

Maybe the biggest test to our friendship when in the third grade of junior school, when we were both 11 years old. He changed school and started going to a posh private school. All his old friends at school made jokes about him and abandoned him.



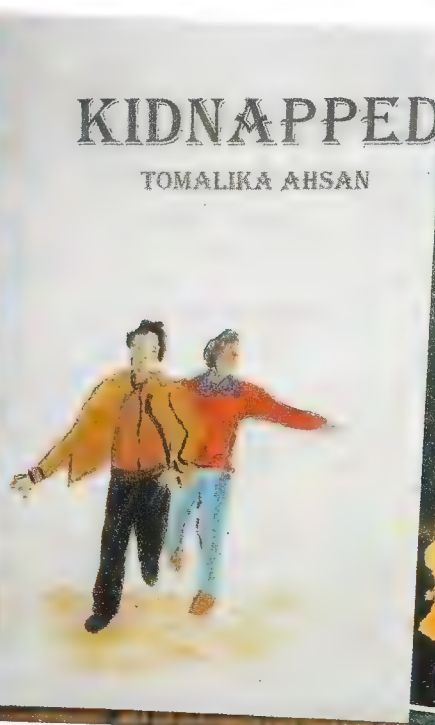
Illustration By: Rafiqul Akbar



i was so stupid I let them get to me and I'll never forgive myself for it. I stopped hanging around with him for about 4 months after his school started. Then one rainy afternoon he came over to my house. His mum had sent him. As we talked i began to feel as guilty as hell. At the time he needed a friend most I had deserted him. Going to a new school isn't easy. What kind of friend was I? After that day we were best friends again.

Paul and I grew up together. He became like part of my family and I a part of his. We were both as important to each other. I don't think anyone in the world but Paul really knows me. In those days I really took for granted how lucky I was to have a friend whom I could totally trust with all my heart. There was never any insecurity in talking to him. I will probably never be as open to anyone else as I was with him. These days when I think of him I wonder what happened to the days when you could trust your friends. Paul and I formed a bond over the years and we knew each other inside out. Often we would say whole sentences at the same time. It was quite amazing and I think that it was more than coincidence. When we were to be separated by my going to Bangladesh we tried to meet when we could. The last time I saw him was when my parents dropped me off at his house one night about 2 days before I was to leave Britain. We had already made lots of plans to write to each other so we just talked to each other as if everything was normal. It didn't really dawn on us that we might never see each other again. If I could have those 2 or 3 hours back again there would be so much I would have to say to him. So many thanks to give.

After coming back to Bangladesh, only then did I miss him. We write to each other now and again. He has now moved to Australia and writes from there. He even sent me a postcard from his holiday in France. On occasion, lying in bed at night, I wonder what he is doing at this very moment over at the other side of the world. I like to believe that at that moment he is also thinking of me, like some invisible connection. I hope to meet up with him some day and although the time has passed we can still be good friends, maybe even best friends.





# Honour Roll



**CLASS-XI**

**LOBAN AMAAN RAHMAN**



**CLASS VI-I**

**BARIUL ISLAM  
ADNAN SHARIF KAMAL  
FUAD ABDULLAH YUNUS  
RIZWANA ZAFRIN  
WAHID AHMED**



**CLASS-VII**

**BASMA KHANDKER  
SADIA BUSHRA AYSHA  
HASHM NISHAT SHAILA  
MASHFIQUL HAQUE  
TOUHID CHOUDHURY**



**CLASS-VIII**

**GOLAM SAYEED CHOWDHURY  
HUMAIRA HABIB  
AZRA KARIM  
TOMALIKA AHSAN  
USHA THIAGARAJA  
TARANNUM LAILA  
SITWAT MARIAM DONNA**



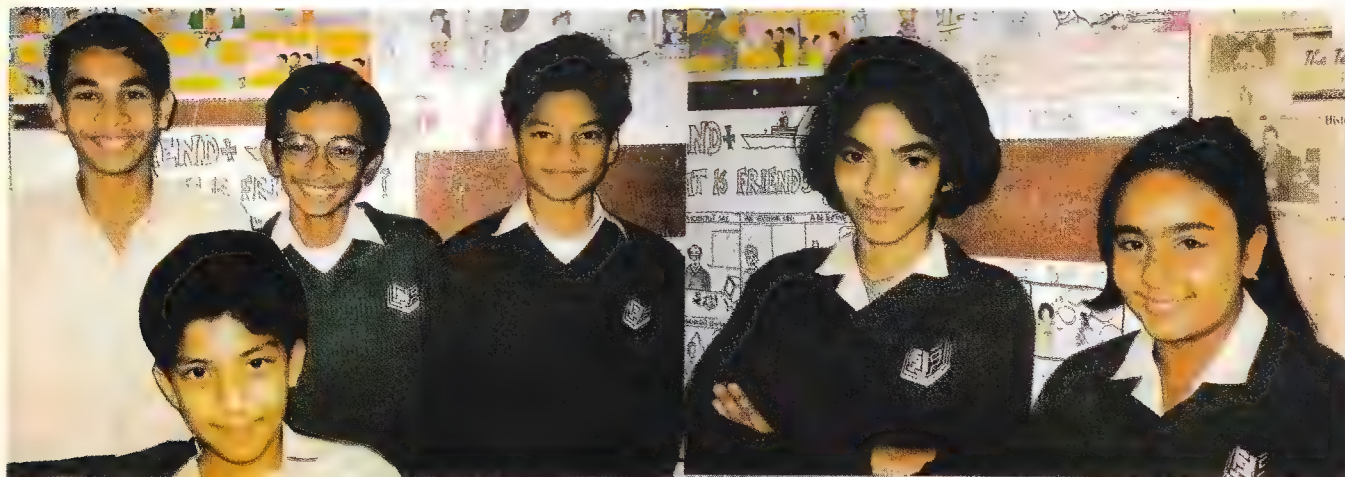
# Year End 1995



**CLASS-X**  
**ZOHRA MIRZA**  
**JUMMA SALIMA PYARALI**  
**MD. HASSAN NEWAZ**



**CLASS-IX**  
**HASHEM NADIA FARHANA**  
**TAZIN ABDULLAH**  
**SYED SHAFAT ZAMAN**



**CLASS-VI-II**  
**FUAD MAHMOOD ABDULLAH**  
**NAZMUL ALAM**  
**YASEEN CHOWDHURY**  
**MEHZABIN AHMED**  
**KAANITA HASSAN**  
**IEHAB TALUKDER NUR**





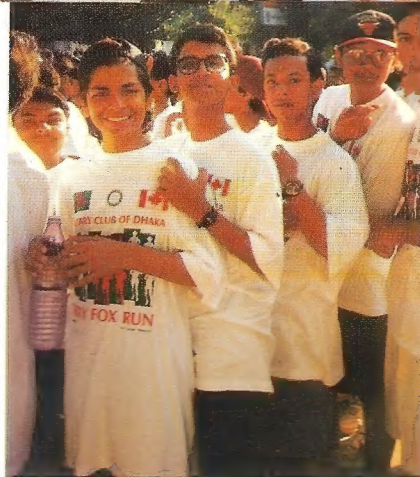


# The Terry Fox Run





THE AGA KHAN SCHOOL



For Cancer Research







The Aga Khan School, Dhaka

### SAGA OF THE AGA KHAN ACHOOOL:

The Aga Khan School, Dhaka is an English medium secondary school operated in Dhaka, Bangladesh by the Aga Khan Education Service. It began in August, 1988 as a tutorial with 7 students. Now, the school offers an academic pre-university programme, beginning at class VI and culminating in "O" and "A" level studies through the University of London with approximately 240 students.

The school teaching staff are Bangladeshi nationals and the principal is Canadian. The overwhelming majority of students are Bangladeshi boys and girls, aged 11-20.

The school enjoys an international academic partnership with Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. It is also associated with the Institute for Education Development of the Aga Khan University, Karachi, Pakistan. It benefits from its membership in the Aga Khan Education Network.

What is seemingly enjoyed most by the students of the A.K.S., is the well-equipped computer technology centre. The recent installment of CD-ROM has boosted the students' interest in computers. The science facilities are also very well equipped and appreciated by the students. What we find most likeable is the free access to all these facilities. More new books have been added to the expanding library, which makes it more attractive to the students. It is excellent, by local standards. The school contains physical education facilities.

Unlike many other local schools, the Aga Khan School does not focus entirely on academics. There is plenty of room for other aptitudes the students might possess and the many different talents are always recognized. The E.C.A. activities always try to involve all the students. The existence and practice of democracy in this school cannot be denied. Everyone has a right to vote for the Head Boy and the Head Girl!

As the school continues growing, and the number of students increases, various new things are being introduced. One of them is the first school yearbook, which you are seeing right now! The A.K.S. is progressing at a rapid rate and, we can, on behalf of all the students in the A.K.S., wish the school success!





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